

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 96 - A LITTLE PLAYBACK

"IT'S HILARIOUS to see a Silver Fox wield a sword, you know?" Gin said. After all, his ability worked best when talking to his opponents. "Your whole body is literally a weapon, young fox. You don't need a sword to fight. In fact, it will only hinder your growth."

Much to his frustration, Lewis Crevan just looked at him blankly.

Ah, he's not fond of talking.

He still had to try though.

"You probably don't know because nobody raised you as a Silver Fox," Gin said. "It's a shame, Lewis Crevan. In the past, your clan was one of the strongest and most powerful families in the empire. Too bad you look different from the human race, hence, they hunted you down."

The fox boy remained unfazed.

He doesn't care about his clan, huh?

"Do you know that the Silver Fox Clan and House Rosehearts were equally strong and influential in the past? Both were considered as old families," he said, still hoping to get a reaction from Lewis Crevan. "But the de Moonasterios didn't like them. The royal family didn't like that some other families were being celebrated by the people. And so—"

He wasn't able to finish what he wanted to say because Lewis Crevan came at him. The way he gripped his sword let him know that he had every intention to kill him, right then and there. The bloodlust oozing from the fox boy was chilling.

A wild fox, huh?

He caught the blade of Lewis Crevan's sword between his fingers. The fox boy looked surprised by that. Well, an ordinary person wouldn't have been able to dodge Lewis Crevan's attack because he was fast. But too bad for the child because he wasn't an ordinary person.

"You're not a swordsman, Lewis Crevan," he told him while clicking his tongue. "Your ancestors would cry if they saw you wielding a sword in a fight."

Of course, the wild fox ignored him.

Much to his shock, Lewis Crevan immediately let go of his sword. Then, he raised his hands and before he could even blink, he already mauled his face using his sharp and strong nails. Ah, perhaps it would be more appropriate to call them 'claws' than nails, huh?

"That's right," he said with a grin when Lewis Crevan began clawing at his chest. His face was bloody and probably unrecognizable by now. But it didn't hurt because the human face he was using now was nothing but a mere "skin." "That's how a Silver Fox should fight!"

In the past, a Silver Fox would never fail to awaken his urge to fight. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that his clan and the Silver Fox Clan were nemesis.

But he didn't feel that way when he first saw Lewis Crevan. It was probably because the boy wasn't raised as a proper Silver Fox. Moreover, he was very weak. But he knew what the wild fox had gone through so he understood why he couldn't show his real fangs.

Though right now, Lewis Crevan began to resemble his fierce ancestors.

Sadly, it's not enough to make me want to shred him to pieces yet.

His thoughts were cut-off when the fox boy's aura changed.

Lewis Crevan's golden eyes glowed menacingly. Then, his attacks stopped. And in that short moment, he went for the kill. It looked like the boy wanted to rip his heart out.

A wild fox indeed!

Gin grinned, then he grabbed Lewis Crevan's wrist to stop him from opening up his chest. The boy tried to kick him between his legs. But he managed to break his leg first.

Amazingly, Lewis Crevan didn't even flinch even if he was in pain.

In fact, the fox boy tried to attack using his other leg.

He was forced to punch the young boy in the stomach. This time, he coughed blood as he was sent flying. He got his groove back easily because he landed on his feet and used the friction of his combat boots to stop himself from sliding onto the roof.

Lewis Crevan wasn't able to keep standing for too long though. He clutched his stomach and fell on one knee. But his glowing golden eyes told him that he wasn't done yet.

Tough kid.

Gin decided to attack and end the fight now. In the blink of an eye, he reached the fox boy, grabbed him by the head, and smashed his face on his knee. He heard and felt the young boy's nose break when its bridge hit his kneecap.

"I'm sorry but I can't play with you anymore, Lewis Crevan," he said, then he pulled him up by the hair. Then, without further ado, he stabbed the boy's stomach with his hand. This time, Lewis Crevan flinched. "Oho. So you can feel pain," he said while his hand moved inside his stomach, moving his organs as he searched for a very important thing that they needed from the fox boy. Every time he hit a vital organ inside, poor Lewis Crevan would let out a weak growl. "Oh, `found it."

He dropped Lewis Crevan the same time he pulled his hand out of his now open stomach.

Then, he raised his hand to check if he got the right one. The Marble in his hand was the size of a kitten's heart. The marble was transparent and a silver-ish smoke was trapped inside. It looked simple but the more you look at it, the more it becomes captivating.

If I had known that it was this easy to steal the Marble from Lewis Crevan, we wouldn't have worked with Duke Sloane— that useless fool.

Because of the stupid duke, the fact that Her Majesty's body was missing had been discovered by Nikolai de Moonasterio earlier than expected. The emperor was bound to discover it, but not that early.

I suppose we should also blame Trevor.

That traitor was lucky to have met a person that could wield the Death's Scythe. Thanks to Princess Neoma, that fool was able to escape his prison.

Speaking of the sassy royal princess, he remembered that he had to "fetch" her.

It's time to wrap this up.

"Yep, this is the right Marble— the one that can apparently bring the dead back to life," Gin confirmed, satisfied that he accomplished his first mission for tonight. After putting the Marble in the safety of his deep and magical pocket, he looked down at Lewis Crevan who was bathing in his own blood while lying on the ground face down. The poor wild fox was barely breathing. And now that his Marble was taken away, he was pretty sure that Lewis Crevan's survival rate was very slim now. He would die even if he just left him that way.
"Goodbye, Lewis Crevan of the Silver Fox Clan."

WHEN NERO woke up, he found himself in an unfamiliar room.

To be precise, he was lying on a soft and comfortable sofa. Based on the interior of the room, it looked like he was in one of the royal parlors of the Royal Palace. He had been in one several times so he could tell.

What am I doing here?

He got up and was surprised that he was able to move without feeling any pain in his body. In fact, he felt light. And his insides didn't feel like they were being burned up anymore.

Did Trevor's treatment worked?

Did it mean eight years had already passed?

He stood up and walked towards the huge mirror on the wall. Yes, he noticed that a weird coffin-like black box was in the middle of the room. He ignored that and stared at his reflection instead.

Well, he was still handsome. His face didn't change that much, but he was certain that he was taller now. Although he didn't look like he was already in his teens. If that was the case, he should have been taller.

I'm wearing unfamiliar clothes.

Those weren't the clothes that he wore when he slept. But he recognized that type of clothing. It was used in formal occasions that would require the royal prince to greet esteemed guests. If his hunch was correct, the location of that royal parlor was the Callisto Hall.

Then, there must be a very important banquet going on right now.

His thoughts were only cut-off when he felt a strong Mana coming from the coffin-like box. And that Mana was familiar.

Hanna?

He tried to run towards the coffin-like but all of a sudden, he felt a strange and painful squeeze in his heart. Then, Neoma's face entered his mind.

Neoma is in pain!

He couldn't explain it, but he knew he couldn't be wrong. Ever since they were toddlers, he and Neoma could feel whenever the other was in pain or in danger. Both of them had never talked about it. They just knew and accepted the fact that they had a special connection as twins.

Neoma...

He was distracted when he felt Hanna's Mana increase rapidly. Wow, he didn't know that she was this strong. But he knew that her life would be in danger if he used a large amount of Mana. After all, her heart and body were too weak to contain her monstrous power.

Neoma will be sad if Hanna dies.

And so, he decided to save their cousin.

Much to his pleasant surprise, he could now use his Mana freely. All he had to do was touch the coffin-like thing with his finger where he gathered a large amount of Mana. Then, he used his finger like a pistol and "fired" a bullet-shaped ball of energy. His Mana literally shook the ground when he released it.

Then, voila, the black coffin crumbled into pieces.

He immediately saw Hanna who had her arms over her head to probably protect herself from the falling debris.

Smart girl.

He raised a hand and created a thin, transparent, and strong umbrella-like barrier for him and Hanna. The debris bounced off the barrier that he made as he walked towards Hanna. Then, he stood in front of her. "Are you okay?"

Hanna froze for a second before she looked up at him with a surprised look on her face. Oh, she had gotten prettier than he remembered. "Prince Nero," she said in disbelief. Then, her green eyes sparkled in delight despite the confusion on her face. "How..."

"I also don't know how I got here," Nero said, frustrated to awaken in a confusing situation. But most of all, he hated that he woke up without seeing the most precious person in his life. "Where's Neoma?"

JASPER HAWTHORNE was about to touch Lewis Crevan to begin treating his wound.

But all of a sudden, the fox boy was engulfed in a strange silver-ish light. He sensed the danger so he stood up and jumped backwards.

What a strong energy...

Then, much to his shock, Lewis Crevan stood up even though there was a huge hole in his stomach. The bleeding hadn't stopped yet so he must be losing too much blood. He shouldn't have the energy to get up, given his condition.

Yes, his legs were shaking and his standing position was bad. But being able to move with that kind of injury was already a huge feat.

What a monster.

"Lewis Crevan," Jasper called the fox boy to see if he was really conscious or he was just able to stand up due to sheer willpower. "Can you hear me?"

Lewis Crevan looked up at him with glowing golden eyes. Then, he snarled at him. And when he snarled, his appearance changed.

The fox boy suddenly got two white (and fluffy) tails!

Most of all, his Mana had increased so much that he couldn't believe that it was coming from an eleven year old kid.

Jasper couldn't help but smile since it was his first time to see a living Silver Fox– and the fox in question also happened to be very special. "Lewis Crevan, you're a nine-tailed fox."

Hi. You may now send GIFTs to our Neoma. Thank you~
